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Between Heaven and Hell

By Harry Brown

- Get Gifford out.

- Yes, sir.

Hey, Gifford.

Gifford!

Get your gear.

Get that arm up, Gifford.

You're still in the army.

Colonel Miles wants to see you.

Come on.

Inside.

Here's the prisoner, sir.

Gifford.

I've been investigating your case.

Ordinarily I'd turn this sort of

thing over to a court-martial,

but in this instance

you hold a well-earned Silver Star,

your record till now has been excellent,

and you've shown

definite qualities of leadership.

You know, I was gonna recommend

you for a battlefield commission.

Why'd you do it, Gifford?

I think you lost control of yourself.

That can happen,

especially with men who've been

out here for a long time.

Is that it?

Off the record, you're

good for ten years in

Leavenworth and a

dishonorable discharge.

Yes, sir.

But on the record,

tell you what I've decided.

I can't have you in this area.

It's bad for discipline, bad for morale.

We've got a company posted up

in the hills:

They're in a very isolated area.

Half the time the road up there

is cut off by the enemy.

Can't even use field phones.

Have to contact 'em on radio.

I've spoken to

the Second Battalion commander.

We're reassigning you to George.

Lieutenant. Turn this man over

to the driver from George Company.

Yes, sir.

Don't give him this

until you're out of the area.

Here.

Go ahead and shoot somebody

if you feel like it. I don't care.

Anybody but me.

- My name's Willie Crawford.

- Sam Gifford.

How come you got transferred

to George?

It was that or Leavenworth.

Shoulda took Leavenworth.

Taste of tobacco juice?

Yeah.

Always does.

What'd they get you for?

Assaulting an officer

under combat circumstances.

For a fact? Hurt him bad?

Nearly killed him.

Shoulda shot him.

You'da been sure of killin' him.

That's George Company's sector there.

On most of them hills

we got outposts.

Down there, that's

our company headquarters.

That's where Waco is.

Get the lead out, Willie.

Send that mallethead in here.

- Yes, sir.

- What was that?

I mean, yes, Waco.

I'm bringin' him.

I didn't say bring him.

I said send him!

Yes, Waco. Get in there.

That's the captain.
Put your rifle down right there,
buddy.
I said put the rifle down.
Give me the papers.
And Swanson? Go and tell that mallethead
he's not gonna drive the jeep anymore.
He knows what I said
about calling me sir.
I don't say anything
a second time.
Who do you want
driving it, Waco?
That's my worry. Just
go do what I told you.
I've heard about you, Gifford.
First you go get yourself a Silver Star,
then you get busted to private.
- Oh, it's a rough war, ain't it?
- Yes, sir.
Didn't you hear what I said
about calling me sir?
- I'm sorry... Waco.
- All right.
I don't want snipers takin' potshots at me
every time one of you guys call me sir.
You hit an officer under combat conditions.
What was his rank, captain or what?
- Lieutenant.
- Oh, lieutenant.
Shoulda killed him.
I was trying to.
Samuel F. Gifford.
- What's the "F" stand for?
- Francis, sir.
- I mean, Waco.
- That's better.
You know, I got a sister
named Frances.
Hey, Millard. Frances
is a girl's name, ain't it?
Yeah. You got a girl's name,
Gifford.
Francis?

- You know anything about radio procedure?

- Yes, Waco.

OK, you're my radio operator.

You'll work right over there till I
get tired of lookin' at your kisser.

Oh, another thing, Gifford.

You ain't gonna hit me. If you do,
you'll never hit anybody again.

You hear me?

Hey, this is real stuff.

Just gimme this chick's number, boy,
and when I get state...

Give me that picture!

Sure.

Let's see the picture, Gifford.

Let's see it.

I want the picture!

Hold it!

What's this about a picture? You sound
like a bunch of stinkin' schoolgirls.

He's got a picture we want to see.

- A picture of what?

- My wife.

What? Oh, your wife.

You guys got nothing better on your minds
than to think about another guy's wife?

All right, Francis.

Let me have the picture.

Come on, come on.

Let me have the picture.

I ain't gonna look at it.

You got a pretty wife, Gifford?

I got a pretty wife.

About the prettiest wife in Waco,
Texas.

I'll bet she's runnin' around
with more guys than you can count.

- Oh, Waco, don't start that again.

- Shut up!

Now, I don't like no bad blood
around headquarters.

All right, Francis, get out of here.

Go find yourself a hole to live in.

Hey, you know what

you've done now, don't you?
You've got him started, and it'll take us
all night to get him calmed down.
He respects a man's wife.
He don't respect nothin'.
And Waco ain't married.
Get goin', Gifford.
You heard Waco.
Welcome.
Thought for a while you'd
took up with 'em.
- Chaw?
- No.
Ought to be goin' on
outpost pretty soon.
Is that better than this?
It's away from Waco.
Hi, Little Joe.
This here's a new replacement.
Sam Gifford's his name.
I heard. How'd you like Waco, Sam?
I didn't.
Figures. Waco's a sick man.
Sometimes I wonder how long it's
going to take the Inspector General
to find out what's going on up here.
50 years.
Miles is nobody's fool.
He's gonna wise up to Waco one day.
- How come they transferred you here, Sam?
- Hit an officer.
You fellas can think
of more ways to get in trouble.
They sure can, Lieutenant.
You're a lieutenant?
That's what it says on the paper.
You National Guard, volunteer or draftee?
Guard. A Company. Old First.
No kiddin'? Then you must have
known Colonel Cozzens.
There was the finest man
I've ever known.
When he got killed,
I felt just about the same as if

somebody in my own family had died.
Did you know him, Sam?
I married his daughter.
I hate to kiss and tread water too.
Let's get out.
They ought to put up a statue
to the man who invented kissing.
- It was a woman.
- Oh, how do you know?
Kissing comes naturally to women.
Men have to be taught.
Like this.
Why is it every time we kiss it's
like the first time all over again?
Because I'm a witch
and I've woven a spell around you.
Don't break it.
- You know what I like about us?
- What?
We don't act like married
people at all.
Come to think of it, I'm not acting
like much of a businessman either.
- Here I am, wasting the whole morning.
- Oh?
No, really, honey, I should
go out and check on my sharecroppers.
I haven't seen them for
nearly three months.
You said next time you went
you'd take me with you.
Oh, honey, you'd just be bored.
The only thing that bores me
is not being with you.
All right, Jenny. It'll make the day
a lot nicer with you along.
That's my sugar.
The trouble is, Mr. Gifford, it's gonna
be the same as it was last year.
If Pap was still around we'd get
that cotton out as fast as other folks,
but one man workin' alone...
Mr. Gifford, it ain't easy.
Can't you get any help, Carr?

What about that fella up the road? Raker.

I reckon Rake's got his
own crop to get in.

A couple of his kids ought to be
old enough to work in your field.

- I think I'll run up there and talk to him.

- I don't wanna put Rake to no trouble.

It's not a question of puttin' people to
trouble, it's a question of pickin' cotton.

Ma! Pa! Mr. Gifford's here.

- Hi there.

- Howdy.

Why, Mr. Gifford, I was sayin' the other
day you ought to be visitin' pretty soon.

- Didn't I, Rake?

- That's what she was sayin', Mr. Gifford.

- This is Mrs. Gifford.

- How do you do.

Here, Annamay! Get outta there.

I was just talking to Carr. He's
havin' trouble getting his crop in.

I thought maybe your two oldest
boys could give him a hand.

Well, Mr. Gifford, I've been
keepin' 'em right busy.

But if Kenny needs help,
I could lend him young Tom here.

Matter of fact, you all better
go over there Sunday and work.

- Sunday, Mr. Gifford?

- That's right.

Sunday we was plannin' on visitin'
my wife's sister, Rose Ellen.

Yeah, Mr. Gifford. We was wantin'
to see Rose Ellen's new baby.

Raker, you can visit your relatives
anytime during the year,
but there's only so many days
to get the cotton in.

I want you all over there
to Carr's come Sunday, hear?

- All right, Mr. Gifford. We'll be there.

- Better make it early.

Yes, sir, Mr. Gifford.

Sam, I'd like to go home now.

I thought you wanted to
see the croppers, honey.

- Why do you talk that way?

- What way?

The way you talked to those people.

- You mean there's another way?

- There must be.

Not if you want to stay
in the cotton business.

I don't see why you're so upset
about sharecroppers.

Think they're happy bein'
treated that way?

- I never heard 'em complain.

- Maybe you were never there when they did.

Listen, darlin', my family's had
croppers for over a hundred years.

They do the only thing they know how to do.

They're happy with what they can get.

That's the way it's always been
and the way it always will be.

Meanwhile they're lazy.

They have to be kept jumpin'.

And they have to be kept
in their place.

Oh, now, honey, there's just no sense
in us arguing about it like this.

Sam, I'm seein' a side of you
I never saw before.

You're just seein' the
business side of me.

I can explain the whole
thing in five minutes.

Explain a hundred years in five minutes?

The way you treat those people...

I treat 'em the same way my father did,
and my grandfather before him.

As though they were animals
or farm machinery?

They're human beings, Sam. Can't you
understand that? Human beings.

I know what they are.

I don't think you do.

I don't even think you know
what you are yourself.
I thought I did,
but now I'm not so sure.
The man I'm seein' this afternoon
is not the man I saw this mornin'.
Oh, now, wait a minute, Jenny.
Nobody made you come with me.
Now I'm sorry I did,
because I didn't enjoy it at all.
I was brought up to be
polite to everybody,
and I don't think that business
gives anyone a right to be rude.
If that's the way businessmen act,
then I'm glad I'm a woman.
So am I.
You don't care what I say, do you?
Well, this woman doesn't want to see
you again the whole rest of the day.
Oh, I meant to ask you, Sam,
how's Jenny?
She's been a little
touchy the last few days.
What for?
Oh, who knows why women get touchy.
Wait a minute, Ray.
Afternoon, Mr. Gifford.
- Did Raker help you on Sunday, Carr?
- Yes, sir.
Is that all seven people can bring in
for a full day's work?
Well, Mr. Gifford, we all worked
till long after dark.
What'd you do during the daytime?
Mrs. Raker, she felt poorly for
a while, working in that sun.
That's Raker's problem, not mine.
And you better start jumpin',
or I'll set up someone else on
those acres you're croppin'.
Clean 'em out.
Come on.
Well, leastwise, Sam,

your croppers keep on having kids.

Ours act like they were all bred out.

I keep telling Pop he ought to kick the whole bunch out, get in some fresh blood.

- Our people have been on this land too long.

- Mine too.

There's gonna be some changes made.

But we can talk about that over some bourbon and branch water.

Now there's a man with a head on his shoulders.

- Hi, honey.

- Hello, darling.

- Hi, Jenny.

- Well, Colonel. How are you, sir?

- Fine. Good to see you.

- Colonel Cozzens.

- Can I get you a drink?

- No, no. Not right now. Thanks.

But don't let me stop you.

I think you're going to need it.

Well, don't keep us in suspense.

What is it?

- The president has declared an emergency.

- So?

So our National Guard division has been called into federal service.

- Called into federal service?

- That's right.

Well, just what does that mean to us, Colonel?

Well, it simply means that within two weeks you and Sam and everybody else in my command will be on active duty.

The division has been ordered into service for 12 months.

I'll take my drink now, if you don't mind.

I just can't get over it. All I thought the National Guard ever meant was that Daddy held a review every Monday night and you all held a dance

twice a year.
I know that's how it
must've appeared,
but after all, the business of the
National Guard is to guard the nation.
But there are oceans between us
and everyone else, Daddy.
Do you really think
we'll have to go to war?
I don't know, honey, but I got a feelin'
that we'll get around to it.
Well, I got to be running along.
- Can you give me a lift, Colonel?
- Sure, I go right by your place. Bye, Sam.
See you, Sam.
Sam... I'm sorry we fought.
We didn't fight, honey.
Not really.
Those things will happen.
They shouldn't happen to us.
But, darlin', sometimes
I don't understand you.
The way you think, the way you act,
the things you say.
Honey, not now.
Please, not anymore.
I'm really sorry we fought.
Oh, I'm sorry for everything,
I guess,
and everybody who's
caught up in this trouble.
And, honey...
I'm scared, too.
Don't worry, baby.
Nothing's gonna happen.
Don't say that.
Daddy knows better.
There may be a war,
and I may lose you in the war.
I couldn't stand it even if
I lost you around the corner.
We may have our differences,
but I love you and wanna hold you
and never lose you.

Because you're still a stranger
to me in so many ways,
and women love attractive strangers.
Especially when they're
married to them.

- Hello, Joe.
- Evening, Colonel.
- Evening, men.
- Evening, sir.
- Evening.
- Evening.
- Hi, Sam.
- Colonel.

Ah, Soames.

- You wish you were back at the drugstore?
- Yes, sir.

So do I, having a nice cold Coke.

- Good evening, Colonel.
- Evening.

Hello.

- Oh, Kenny.
- Colonel.

Who'd you get to take over your place?

A cousin of mine and his wife.

They come up from Louisiana.

That's good. Hello, Raker.

- Evening, Colonel.
- What do you hear from the family?
- They're getting along just fine, sir.
- Good. Good.

Uh, Meleski?

How does it feel to be a Chicago boy
in a Southern regiment?

- Rough as a cob, sir. These guys...
- Watch it, Meleski.

That's all right, Ray. It's a perfectly
good expression. I use it myself.

- Sam?
- Yes, sir.

Uh, would you step out on deck?

- It's a real sharp platoon, Ray.
- Thank you, Colonel.

Oh, yeah.

Well, there's not much of a view.

Not much.

You've been awful quiet lately, Sam.

Somethin' bothering you?

Oh, I've just been thinking
about a lot of things.

Jenny?

First and foremost.

What else?

I don't think I ever
appreciated home until now.

Sam, I never had a son
until you married Jenny,
and I don't know where this war's
going to take us or what'll happen.

But my dearest wish is that you
come out the other side alive.

I'd like to see us all
come out alive, Colonel.

Well, all of us won't.

But those that do will go back
to something a lot different
than what they left.

They'll go back to a new South.

- Oh, things'll be the same.

- Oh, no, Sam.

- You wait and see, Colonel.

- Oh, no. The signs are everywhere.

Well, I'll worry about the new South
as soon as I get tired of the old.

How do you feel about
the landing tomorrow?

OK, Colonel.

See that log?

Use that for cover to get on
the other side. Wait for me there.

Man, my mother told me
there'd be days like this.

Put a loop in that, Kenny.

OK, let's go.

Where are we going?

The only way to get in that cave
is from the top.

Did you hear that?

We're all gonna be heroes.

We oughta be right above 'em right now.

Help me with my pack.

Give me the loop.

Raker, you and Kenny lower me down.

- OK.

- What do you want me to do?

Hand me your grenades

when I go over the side.

- Bernie, relay my signals.

- Right.

- Tell them to hold their fire.

- Hold your fire!

Cease firing!

Slow, slow. Come on.

Come on, come on.

A little more. Slow.

- A little more.

- Ain't he there yet?

Take it easy, now.

Easy, easy. A little more.

Hold it!

Pull!

- Let's move out.

- Out!

OK, let's move!

Welcome home, Stonewall.

Nice going, Sam.

Anybody got a cigarette?

Yeah.

What's the matter, Sam?

I don't know.

Scared, I guess.

Hey! Hey!

Dig this.

Them's our replacements.

Replacements? Are you kiddin'?

Happens to be the marching

and chowder patrol,

Troop 10 of the Boys Scouts of, uh...

The Boy Scouts of...

Hey, what is the name

of that country?

Amer... America.

- Good boy.

- Thank you.
Real pretty, wasn't they?
Yeah.
You know, I used
to look like that myself once.

- No.
- I think.
- Sam.
- Yes, Lieutenant?
The Colonel wants to see you.
Hey, Chief? Uh, they still
sendin' us heroes home?
Anytime now, Meleski.
You're getting pretty friendly
with those croppers of yours, aren't you?
We work together pretty well.
Any reason why I shouldn't?
It's your life, Sam.
Reckon it is.
Sam, it's good to see you.
I wish I could do it more often.

- Oh, I know how busy you are, Colonel.
- Hey, you look a little tired.
I guess we all do.
We'll be off this devilish island
in another six hours.
Heard from Jenny lately?
Yes, sir. I got a dozen letters
from her just the other day.
Good. Next time you write to her, tell
her I'm putting you in for the Silver Star
for what you did at the cave.
Well, sir, Bernie, Raker
and Kenny were with me too.
Oh, they'll be taken care of.
Now...
There's one thing more, Sam.
Uh, sit down.
I heard in a kind of a roundabout way
that... you get a little shaky in combat.
Is that true?
A little.
Do you think we ought
to do something about it?

I'm all right when I have to be.

- Don't be a hero, Sam.

- I'm not.

I can still do my job all right.

Well, if you don't feel right,
will you come to me, son?

I will, sir.

Good.

Well, Ray and I have to take
a run up the line,
see how these replacements
are settling down.

- Well, I'll see you on board ship, son.

- All right, Colonel.

Well, what's the word, Stonewall?

When we shippin' out?

- In about six hours, Bernie.

- Ah.

Not one moment too soon.

Oh, no.

No!

- That's for me, man. Let's go.

- Wait a minute, Bernie. You can't do that.

- Wanna bet?

- Sure we can. I'm with you, Bernie.

Ahem! Soldier!

Uh, that'll be Colonel Cozzens' beer,
am I not right?

- That's right, Joe. You're not right.

- Ah-ah-ah.

Just a moment, soldier.

My name is Miller. Captain Miller.

And I have been sent with two of my men
for the colonel's beer ration.

- So we'll just relieve you of it. Gentlemen.

- Aw, lay down, yardbird.

Oh, soldier...

You're addressing a
commissioned officer.

Soldier... do you have any idea
what the penalty is for
insubordination in a combat zone?

Do you?

Well, young man,

the penalty is death.

You ain't got no bars on.

Snipers, man. Snipers.

- Having trouble, Captain?

- Take his name, Sergeant. Take his name!

What's your name, soldier?

- Well, sir, I'm sorry. It's just that...

- Oh, very well. Never mind, Sergeant.

- Take the beer.

- Yes, sir.

Attention! Left face!

Forward march!

Hup, two, three.

Hup, two, three, four.

Hup, two, three, four. Double time.

March! Let's go, men!

Open it up!

Get it open? Aah!

Ohh!

- It's warm.

- Man, I don't care if it's boilin'.

It's beer!

Boy, if they ship us back to Australia,

I am gonna drink that whole continent dry.

Well, I got a little old girl

waitin' for me in Australia.

Man, she's gonna wish

I'd never seen combat.

- Sam... Listen.

- Gifford!

Sounds like someone's callin' you.

Wonder what's up.

- Suppose they know who snitched the beer?

- No, they'd be lookin' for a Captain Miller.

I'd better go check. Don't drink

all the beer while I'm gone, huh?

- Oh, never, never.

- Kenny?

We'd best have one more.

One more, huh?

Hey, Corporal,

were you callin' me?

- Are you Gifford?

- Yeah.

They want you over at the first aid station. The colonel got hit by a sniper.

Sam.

Sam.

Yeah?

Look, about Colonel Cozzens...

Well, Little Joe and me feel real bad about bringing it up.

That's all right. Forget it.

It's just that I know

how it feels to lose a friend.

Again.

That's all.

The new colonel wants us to take another look at Destacado.

He plans to use it

for regimental headquarters.

Did you tell him I was up there with the patrol last night? The place was deserted.

They could've come back.

Is that your idea or the new colonel's?

Mine, but he agreed. You never know

which way the Japanese might jump.

You're getting a little jumpy

yourself, aren't you, Ray?

Never mind what I am, Sergeant.

- I knew they'd come back.

- Aw, that piece of wall was ready to fall.

Walls don't fall like that

unless they're made to fall.

I think we're running

into an ambush.

- Relax.

- I'm not taking any chances.

You and the others go in on foot and scout around. I'll cover you.

- You really mean that?

- I mean it.

Sam, that's an order!

All right, all right.

Take it easy. Let's go.

- What's up, Sam?

- We're gonna take a little walk.

We walked into this joint the last time.

Why can't we ride in?
You heard the lieutenant.
Did you ever do much
bird-shootin' back home, Sam?
Yeah, plenty.
Let's do plenty more after the war.
This reminds you of bird-shootin'?

- Sure.

- Why?

Well, it's kinda like fannin' out
over a field, four abreast.
I got an old 10-gauge to home,
used to belong to my grandpappy.
Wait'll you try her. Kick'll knock
you clear into the next county.
When we get back home I'll take you
up to my cousin's place. Tom Knox.
Best hunting country you ever saw.
Man, when I get out of the army I ain't
never, never gonna fire a rifle again.
But I will come along with
you guys and...
hold y'all's crock o' corn liquor.
Hello! Anybody home?
Told you we should've called
before we came.
Gifford!
Hey, Gifford!
- Yeah?
- Get in here!
Gifford, it just dawned on me that I oughta
give a real, live ex-noncom Silver Star winner
a test to see if he's
still on the ball.
I want you to take a patrol,
go up to Norzagaray.
Aw, it's a lovely day for it, Gifford. Nice
and balmy, like we used to say in Honolulu.
Where is Norzagaray?
Oh, it's a lovely little town. Beautiful, in fact.
It's just around the corner from here.

- What do you want to know about it?

- What do I want to know? Let me see.

Oh! I want to know how many beer bottles

the Japanese tossed into the church.
Waco, you know they're using that place
for their headquarters.
Yeah, I know it.
Gifford?
Count the number of guys
that threw the bottles too.
And don't get the idea you and the
patrol are gonna goof off behind a hill
then come back
and tell me you scouted the place,
because I'm gonna have the outposts
check on you every 15 minutes.
All right, Frances, get lost.
Hold it. Let's take a break.
- Terry.
- Yeah?
Watch the trail.
Oh, boy.
Shh.
Do you hear what I hear?
Take cover.
We shoulda took care of 'em.
- Knock it off, Terry.
- Quiet!
Take cover.
Wonder how many more of
'em's comin' by.
If another squad comes by
we'll fall in behind it.
- Are you crazy or something?
- Not enough to stay here and get cut off.
Get back.
- Hold it.
- That does it.
- Which trail did they take?
- Question is, which one we gonna take?
- Let's split up. Then we can get out.
- I don't want to lose any men.
More of 'em coming, Sam.
We'll take the left fork. If it's the wrong
one, it'll make no difference anyway.
Come on. Let's move, on the double.
Come on, Willie.

Looks deserted to me.
What do you think, Willie?
Never know what to think
about them people.
Well, we'll just go down and see.
Nothin' here.
Let's count the beer bottles.
OK, let's move out.
That's as fanciful a tale as
I ever did hear.
So you walked right along
with 'em, huh, Francis?
- He's speakin' truth, Waco.
- Anybody talkin' to you?
- No, Waco.
- Shut up!
You know what I think?
I think you never got to Norzagaray.
I think you been goofin' off
behind the trees someplace.
That's what they been doing,
all right, Waco.
All right, so you got there.
So what?
That doesn't matter. But you better worry
about those mortar squads he saw.
- You telling me my business?
- Yep.
Little Joe...
I'm getting awful tired of
that face of yours.
Why don't you take Francis
and this patrol here,
go up to Parade George
and relieve Tom Thumb.
- That's the best news I've heard in a week.
- Johnson, one of these days...
Mortars!
Well, that was short and sweet.
OK, Sam. OK.
Take it easy, Sam.
Old Willie'll take care of you.
I don't need any help.
Millard?

Millard!

Where's Millard?

Waco, out there.

- I think he was crying.

- Yeah.

- Wonder what made him want to cry.

- Shut up, Terry.

We still going on the outpost,

Little Joe?

Beats me, Willie.

I'll just have to find out.

Waco.

Waco!

Go ahead up to Parade George.

OK, gents, end of the line.

- Uh-oh.

- What, Little Joe?

Forgot something. Tom Thumb!

Hey, Tom Thumb!

- What is it?

- Forgot the password!

That you, Little Joe?

Yeah. Don't shoot, you hear?

Come on up!

Must be goin' off your rocker, Little Joe.

Never knew you to forget a password before.

Well, I'll tell you, Tom Thumb,

it's been a busy day.

Yeah. I heard the mortars.

You have any casualties?

- Millard got killed.

- They beat us to him.

Tough tidings.

Listen, Little Joe, we've had it

pretty easy up here,

but there's something

going on across the river.

I can't quite figure it out.

- Better keep your eyes peeled after sundown.

- Sure will.

Well, I hate to leave

this exclusive mountain resort,

but... back to Waco, boys!

Let's go!

Pick a home, gents.
They're all rent-free.
What did you do before the war,
Sam?
Cotton business.
- Have your own gin?
- Mm-hmm. Three of 'em.
My own croppers, too.
Whereabouts was this?
Gray's Landing.
Me, I'm from Walnut Creek.
Used to be a cropper myself.
I figured you were.
Funny, I had you figured for
quality folks, but, I don't know,
you just don't act like you was.
Want to know something?
I liked you the minute I set eyes on
you, before I even knowed your name.
You looked beat,
and I like beat people.
Yeah, Willie,
that's what I am: beat.
The army give you
a real bad time, huh?
No.
No, I've been giving myself
a real bad time,
since long before the war.
Then I found three friends
in the army.
I never had any real friends before.
Then they got killed.
After that I really was beat.
Nice thing about being beat is
there's nothing left for a man to do
but to rear hisself up off of the earth.
It looks like Parade George Four
is really getting it.
Willie,
keep your eye on the trail.
OK, Joe.
Grenades!
Oh, no more. Please, no more.

Hold it down, Sam. Keep it quiet.

He can't help it, Joe.

- Take it easy, Sam boy.

- No more.

Easy, boy.

You'll be all right pretty soon.

Well, I reckon that's about

all we can do for Sellers.

Yeah. I'm gonna try and

catch some sleep.

Hey, Willie. Notice anything

funny about this morning?

- What do you mean, Little Joe?

- Waco hasn't been on the radio.

Now, that's a fact, ain't it?

Guess I'll check with him.

Parade George Charlie.

Parade George Charlie.

Morgan, are you sure there isn't

an undamaged battery down there?

I'll take another look.

Nope. A grenade got 'em all.

- Sam?

- Yeah?

You and Terry go back

to the company for batteries.

OK.

Sam?

Don't worry, Willie.

I'll be all right.

Anyhow, I suppose Waco'll be hungry

for the sight of me by now.

Hey, Terry, let's go.

See you.

Waco inside?

Where's Waco?

He's in there.

He's been relieved.

- No kiddin'?

- Relieved?

Yeah. We had a couple of wounded men

last week that we sent down to regiment.

They musta talked, because Colonel Miles

found out what's been goin' on up here.

He's been on the radio all mornin'.

He's comin' up tomorrow himself.

- That's the best news in a month of Sundays.

- A year of Sundays, kid.

You musta had a rough time
up there last night, huh?

- Yeah. We lost a man.

- Tough.

Well, maybe Colonel Miles will relieve you.

Maybe he'll relieve all of us.

What's this about bein' relieved?

Ain't nobody gonna be
relieved except me!

On your feet.

What are you doing here, Gifford?

The radio went dead, Waco.

We came to get batteries.

Oh, what you want to listen
to the radio for?

All you'll hear is somebody tellin'
you you've been relieved.

- But you ain't relieved.

Get back to outpost!

- Easy, Waco.

Captain Grimes,

and don't you forget it!

And I've been put in charge
until they name the new C.O.

Now don't you forget that!

The batteries are in there.

Hold it!

I ain't dismissed you yet.

I may have been relieved, but I'm
still ranking officer around here.

A man can stand so much.

Then he ain't a man anymore.

Well, I've stood about all I can.

You... you used to be a sergeant,
didn't you, Gifford?

Yeah, well, I was a sergeant, too.

First sergeant.

20 years in the regular army.

It was a real army then,
not like it is now.

Millard was in my outfit.

Ask him. Swanson, too. Ask him!

- You'd better be starting back...

- Don't give me no orders!

They busted both of us, Gifford.

You to private, and me to captain.

You guys think I'm yellow,

don't you?

Well, I'm not.

Here, look at this.

Look at it.

Look at it!

They gave it to me for what I did at
Schofield Barracks on Pearl Harbor Day.

No, I ain't yellow.

It's just that I don't want to get knocked
off by a crummy sniper on a crummy island.

Now that I've been relieved,
they'll send me back to Schofield.

When I get there the first thing I'm gonna do
is send to Waco, Texas, for my wife.

You know,

Honolulu's the only place to live.

I ought to know.

I lived there for 20 years.

All my time in the army.

- All right, you can take over now.

- OK, Waco.

- Captain Grimes!

- OK, Captain Grimes!

Oh, this is a sloppy outfit! Discipline.

Discipline, that's what you need!

Let me tell you something.

There's gonna be a lot of people relieved
when I get back to regiment.

Gifford.

Gifford...

You're the one that took that patrol to...

Norzagaray, aren't you?

Yes, sir.

That was a fine job.

Yeah, it was a real fine job.

I'm gonna see they

make you a sergeant again.

Don't worry, Swanson. I'll have you and Millard back with me in a couple of days. I won't let 'em throw you to the wolves.

Ten-hut!

Where were you guys trained? Don't you know enough to salute an officer?

All right. I don't need a driver.

Can't you keep your vehicle in running order?

There's a lot of useless people around here. I'm gonna get rid of 'em. What I need is...

Sniper!

Let's get the batteries.

Hey, Sam, wait a minute.

Leave it alone.

Hey, you guys up there!

Joe?

- Joe, who's that?

- Be quiet.

Hey, you guys up there!

Hold your fire! We're reinforcements!

Lillie Lollipop!

Sorry, boys. Waco didn't give us the countersign.

- When'd you talk to Waco?

- Not more than an hour ago, Joe.

All right.

Come on out where we can see you.

OK, but don't fire any flares. There are enemy soldiers all over this hill!

You'll just have to let us walk up in the dark.

All right, come on in!

Wait for me to fire.

We had a hard time finding you guys.

How many men you got, Joe?

Seven. How about you?

A full squad. Nine men.

Glad to see you.

Aah!

Aah!

- Willie?

- Yeah, Joe?

I've been hit.
- I'll help you, Joe.
- Stay in your hole.
Take it easy.
Willie, get back to your hole.
That's an order.
First one I ever gave you.
Oh. Oh, Willie.
- Sam?
- Yeah?
Joe's dead.
There's only the two of us left.
Think you're gonna make it, Sam?
I don't know. I don't know.
You a rich man, Sam?
Yeah, I guess you'd say so.
How's it feel?
Oh, right now it doesn't
make much difference.
I always wished I had money.
Maybe you will have.
Nah.
I'm nothin' but a sharecropper.
Croppers'll be better
off after the war.
You think so?
Mine will. That's for sure.
You ever been in Walnut Creek?
Yeah.
What'd you think of it?
Not much.
Yeah, it ain't much of a town.
I ain't goin' back there after the war.
- Where you goin'?
- Gray's Landing.
Hey, that's great.
Can I get a job workin' for you?
Sure.
What kind? Truck driver?
I'm a good truck driver.
All right. You're hired.
How much you pay?
Oh, 150 a month.
Lot of money for a fella

that's lived on 300 a year.

Any good-lookin' girls in
Gray's Landing?

- Lots of 'em.

- Reckon they'd go for me?

- Sure.

- Even if I'm a country jake?

They'd be foolish if they didn't.

I wouldn't want no high-class woman.

You can find the kind you want.

How'd you get along on 300 a year?

Growed the vittles.

Ma canned 'em.

That's no way to live.

Lots of folks do it that way.

My croppers might have,
but they never will again.

You used to be rough
on your croppers?

Yeah.

Why?

Well, didn't know any better.

What made you change?

Oh, people.

What they've done for me.

You're one of them, Willie.

I ain't done nothin' for you, Sam.

You've done more than you know,
and I won't forget.

I won't forget anybody.

Think you're gonna make it now?

Yeah.

Yeah, I... I think so, Willie.

I reckon you will, Sam.

Look out!

- Willie.

- My leg.

- Does it hurt you bad?

- No. But it scares me.

Blood really scares me.

Not you, though.

Your hands ain't shakin'.

They will be.

Sam, look down at that river.

We haven't got a chance
with that many.
My leg's ruined, ain't it?
No, Willie. It'll be stiff,
but I've heard of stiff-legged
truck drivers, Willie.
Sam, you better make a run for it.
These hills'll be crawlin'
with 'em pretty soon.
You get out before we
get cut off.
I'm staying with you.
We'll be relieved before long.
Don't argue. Take the B.A.R. and go.
I don't wanna see your wife a widow.
I can't go runnin' away like that, Willie.
You're my friend.
Well, you ain't my friend if
you don't go.
Go on. Git.
That's better.
It's got a full magazine.
And a couple of extras.
See you in Gray's Landing.
You'll see me before that.
Gifford!
Gifford! What happened, boy?
What happened?
Let go! Willie's up there.
Hold it! Hold it.
Easy, Sam. Let me help you.
Give me the gun.
- Don't try!
- We only wanna help you, buddy.
All right, now come on, Sam.
- Give me the gun, huh?
- Stay back.
I've got to see the colonel.
I gotta see the colonel!
I-I gotta see him...
What's goin' on here?
- Colonel!
- What is it? What's happened?
Colonel, there's a hill

called Parade George.

Yes.

Willie Crawford's up there.

He's the only man alive,
and he's badly wounded.

You gotta get him down.

Lt Thomas, take two half-tracks full of men
and get up there. Take a couple of medics.

I want that man off the hill and I
want him off fast, so on the double.

Yes, sir!

- You, go get the doctor.

- Yes, sir.

You men, give me a hand here.

Take him inside.

Hey, wait a minute. Wait. Listen,
I'm not leavin' here without Willie.

- Take it easy, soldier.

- Relax, son.

- Can he have a cigarette?

- Yes, sir.

I'm not leaving here without Willie.

Not without Willie.

One of the half-tracks was just
on the radio. They're bringing him in.

What's the doctor's report?

It'll be a long time
before he sees combat again.

Here's your Willie now.

Is he dead?

Nope.

But he's through fighting,
that's for sure.

Well, Colonel,
where do we go from here?

Home, I should say.

Do you hear that, Willie?

- Willie.

- Yep.

You ought to be stateside in a week.

I'll see that you're flown there.

Yeah, Willie, we got it made.

That's what we got, for sure.

I'll have Jenny fix

us up a big banquet.
We'll have fried chicken
and drinkin' whiskey.
And chewin' tobacco?
And chewin' tobacco.
A whole warehouse full.
Yeah, Willie,
we're gonna have a ball.